Children's Songs of City Life

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Children's songs of city life

THE CENTRAL CHILDREN'S ROOM
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CHILDREN'S SONGS
OF
CITY LIFE

WORDS BY
ANNA PHILLIPS SEE

MUSIC BY
SIDNEY DORLON LOWE

NEW YORK AND CHICAGO
THE A. S. BARNES COMPANY
1916

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The authors gratefully acknowledge
their indebtedness to
Miss Willa Hagerman,
to whose inspiring suggestions the book is due

FOREWORD

" 'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings."
— Emerson.

I BELIEVE it is the aim and vision of the writers of this book to give to the city child songs to interpret the beautiful in his environment. The colors of the sunset are for him, even though they glow fitfully through the long city street; miniature brooks rush through gutters, and under the eaves are the songs of birds. Through such interpretation as we find in these songs our city child, even though he be a dweller among paved streets, may get glimpses of a country beautiful.

FANNIEBELLE CURTIS

Director of Kindergartens
New York City

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Children's Songs of City Life

The Parade

1. Rub-dub-dub! O hear the hollow drums!
   Toot, toot, toot! the fifes and bugles call!
   Tramp, tramp, tramp! the long procession comes!
   Wave, wave, wave! the banners over all!

Chorus:

   March, march, march! the men are marching!
   People line the street along the way.
   March, march, march! the men are marching!
   Isn't this a fine parade today!

2. Slow, slow, slow! the horses step so slow!
   Pacing to the music of the band.
   Fast, fast, fast! the horses faster go,
   Mindful of the music's loud command.

Chorus:

   Step, step, step! the horses stepping!
   People line the street along the way.
   Trot, trot, trot! the horses trotting!
   Isn't this a fine parade today!

The Parade

Action Song

1. Rub-dub-dub! O hear the hol-low drums! Toot, toot, toot! the fifes and bu-gles call!
2. Slow, slow, slow! The horses step so slow! Pac-ing to the mu-sic of the band.

Tramp, tramp, tramp! the long procession comes! Wave, wave, wave! the banners o-ver all!
Fast, fast, fast! the horses faster go. Mind-ful of the music's loud command.

CHORUS

March, march, march! the men are march-ing! Peo-ple line the street a-long the way.
Step, step, step! the horses step-ping! Peo-ple line the street a-long the way.

Chorus may be repeated, if desired

March, march, march! the men are march-ing! Is-n't this a fine pa-rade to-day!
Trot, trot, trot! the horses trot-ting! Is-n't this a fine pa-rade to-day!

* If the g♯ is too difficult for the children, sing g♮ instead,- in which case the corresponding note in the accompaniment would be g♮

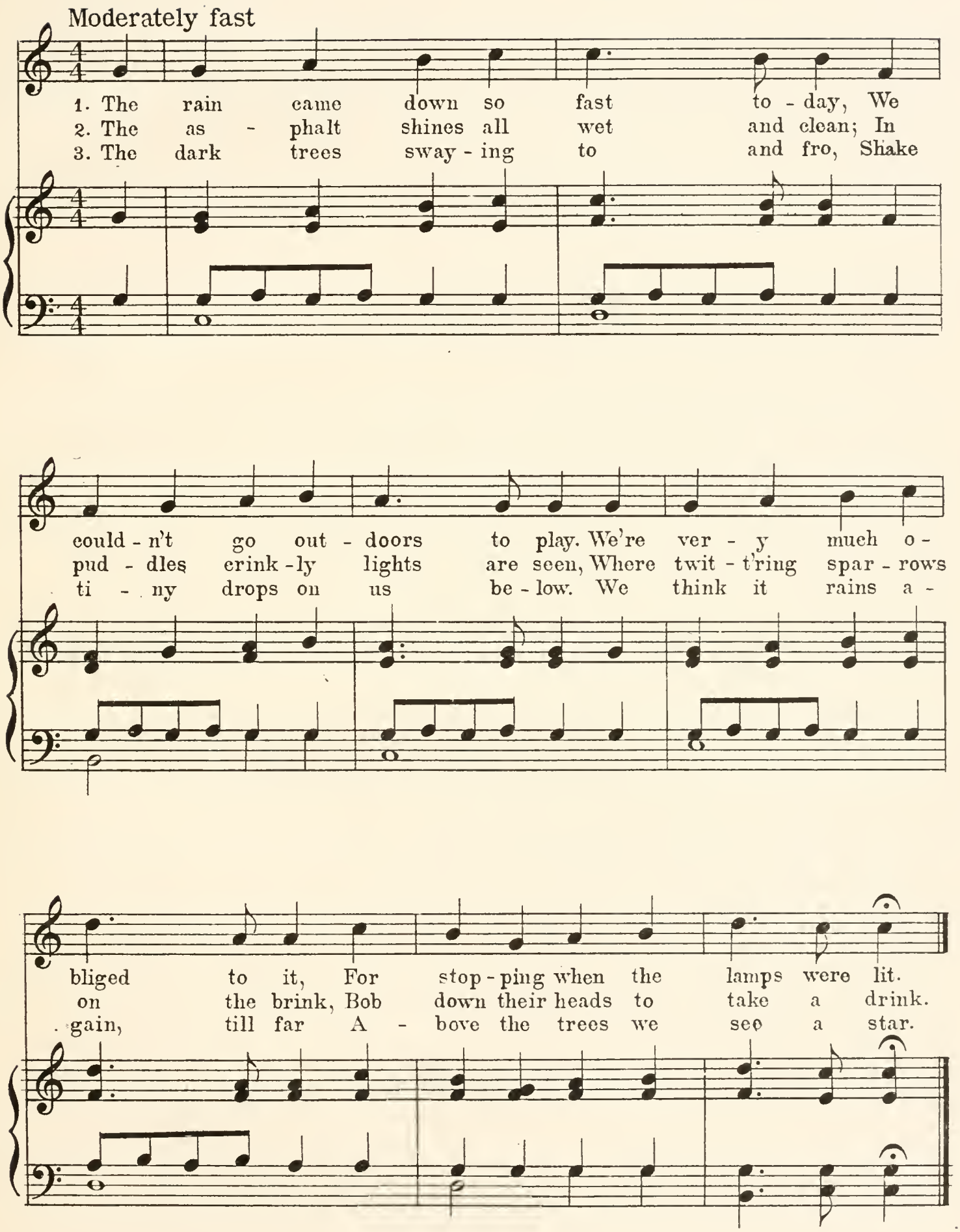
A Wet Street

1. The rain came down so fast today,
   We couldn't go out-doors to play.
   We're very much obliged to it,
   For stopping when the lamps were lit.

2. The asphalt shines all wet and clean;
   In puddles crinkly lights are seen,
   Where twittering sparrows on the brink,
   Bob down their heads to take a drink.

3. The dark trees swaying to and fro,
   Shake tiny drops on us below.
   We think it rains again, till far
   Above the trees we see a star.

A Wet Street

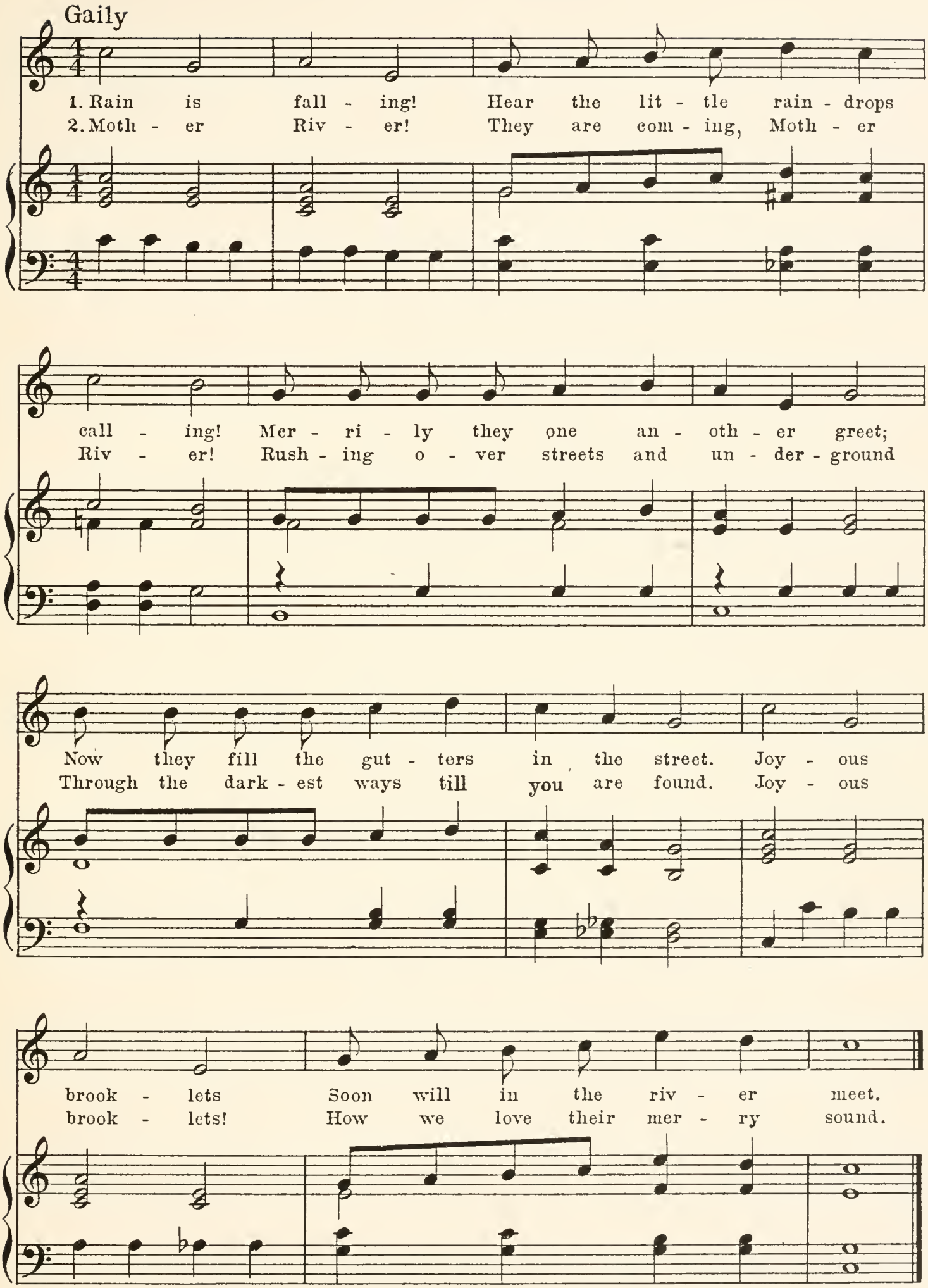

Moderately fast
1. The rain came down so fast to - day, We could - n't go out - doors to play. We're ver - y much o - bliged to it, For stop - ping when the lamps were lit.
2. The as - phalt shines all wet and clean; In pud - dles crink - ly lights are seen, Where twit - t'ring spar - rows on the brink, Bob down their heads to take a drink.
3. The dark trees sway - ing to and fro, Shake ti - ny drops on us be - low. We think it rains a - gain, till far A - bove the trees we see a star.

Brooks in the Street

1. Rain is falling!
   Hear the little rain drops calling!
   Merrily they one another greet;
   Now they fill the gutters in the street.
   Joyous brooklets
   Soon will in the river meet.

2. Mother River!
   They are coming, Mother River!
   Rushing over streets and underground
   Through the darkest ways till you are found.
   Joyous brooklets!
   How we love their merry sound!

Brooks In The Street

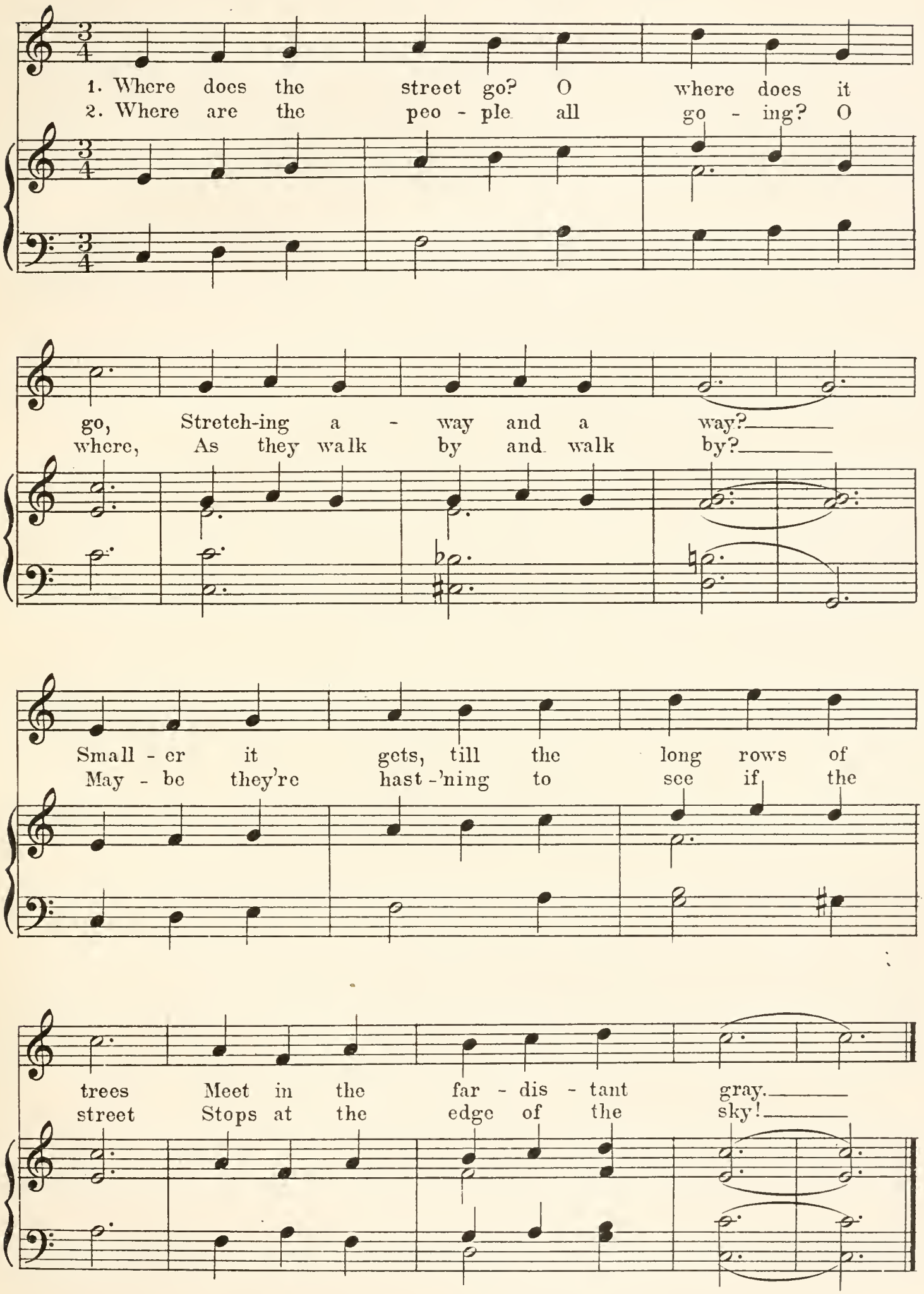


Where Does the Street Go?

1. Where does the street go? O where does it go,
Stretching away and away?
Smaller it gets, till the long rows of trees
Meet in the far-distant gray.

2. Where are the people all going? O where,
As they walk by and walk by?
Maybe they're hast'ning to see if the street
Stops at the edge of the sky!

Where Does the Street Go?



Back Yards

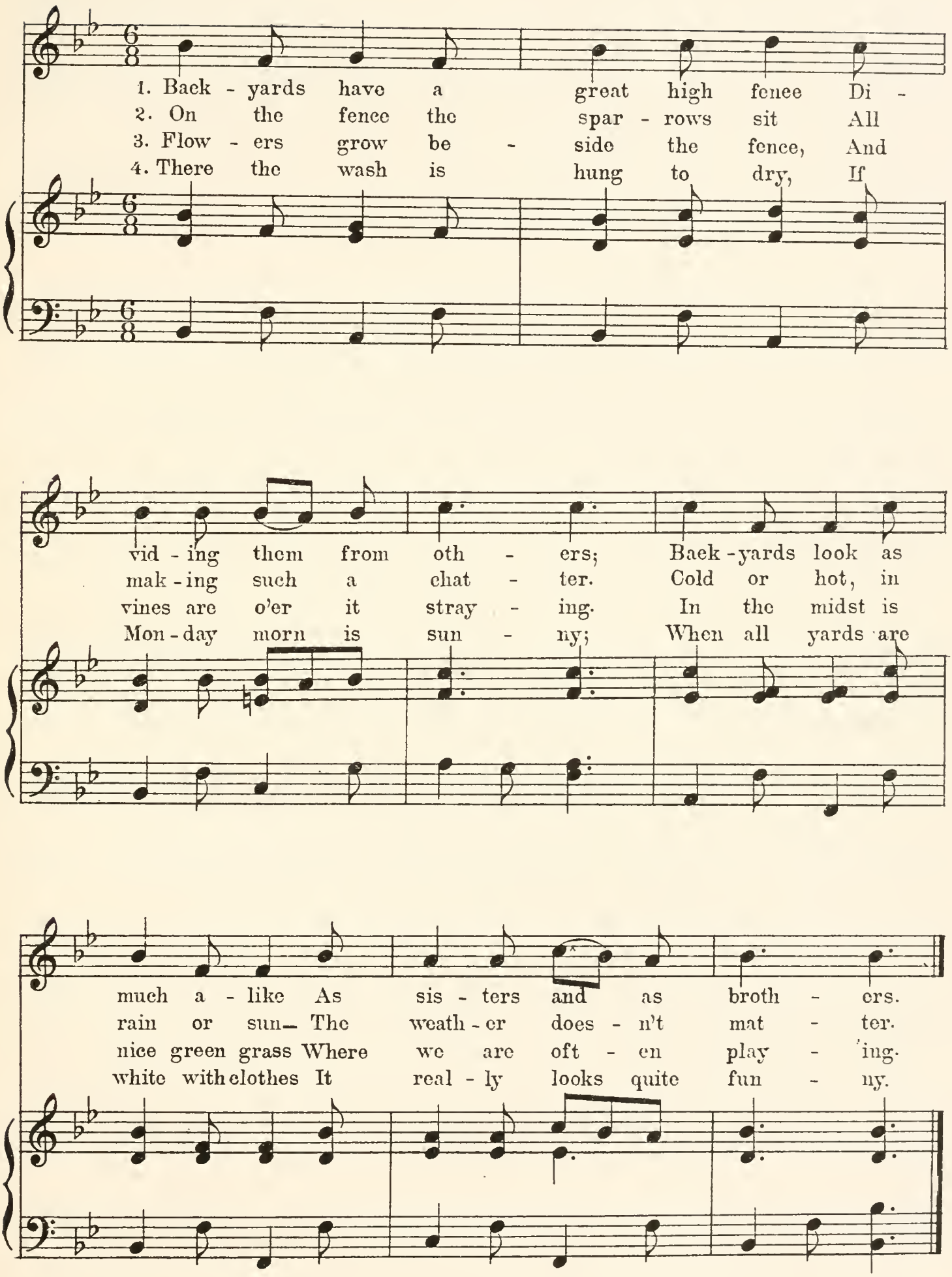
1. Back yards have a great high fence
Dividing them from others;
Back yards look as much alike
As sisters and as brothers.

2. On the fence the sparrows sit
All making such a chatter.
Cold or hot, in rain or sun—
The weather doesn't matter.

3. Flowers grow beside the fence,
And vines are o'er it straying.
In the midst is nice green grass
Where we are often playing.

4. There the wash is hung to dry,
If Monday morn is sunny;
When all yards are white with clothes
It really looks quite funny.

Back Yards

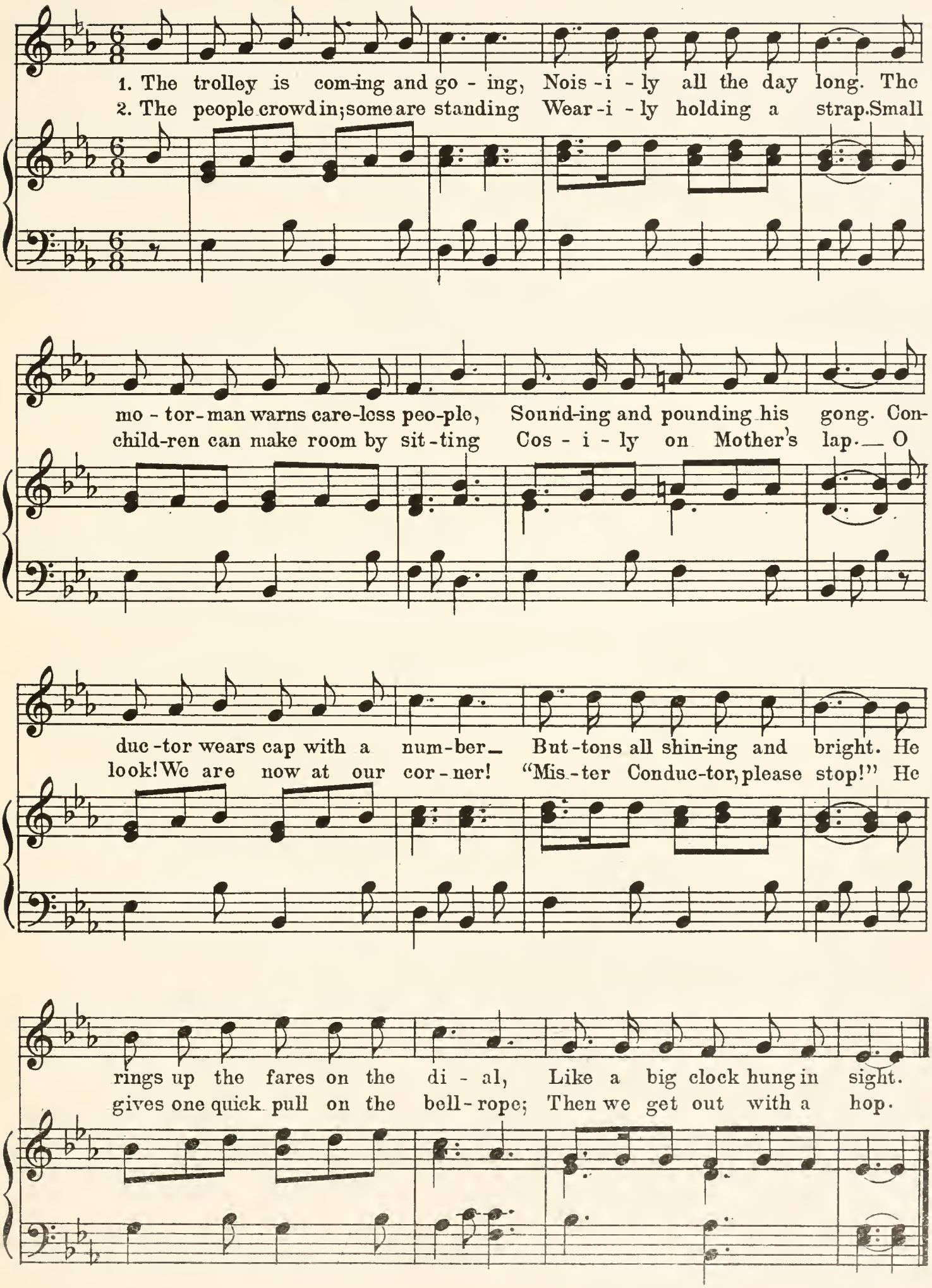

1. Back - yards have a great high fence Di - vid - ing them from oth - ers; Back - yards look as much a - like As sis - ters and as broth - ers.
2. On the fence the spar - rows sit All mak - ing such a chat - ter. Cold or hot, in rain or sun— The weath - er does - n't mat - ter.
3. Flow - ers grow be - side the fence, And vines are o'er it stray - ing. In the midst is nice green grass Where we are oft - en play - ing.
4. There the wash is hung to dry, If Mon - day morn is sun - ny; When all yards are white with clothes It real - ly looks quite fun - ny.

The Trolley-car

The trolley is coming and going,
Noisily all the day long.
The motor-man warns careless people,
Sounding and pounding his gong.
Conductor wears cap with a number—
Buttons all shining and bright.
He rings up the fares on the dial,
Like a big clock hung in sight.

The people crowd in; some are standing
Wearily holding a strap.
Small children can make room by sitting
Cosily on Mother's lap.
O look! We are now at our corner!
"Mister Conductor, please stop!"
He gives one quick pull on the bell rope;
Then we get out with a hop.

The Trolley-car



The Building of the House

1. When the cellar has been made,
And foundations have been laid;
When against the city sky,
Stands the framework straight and high;
Then the carpenters begin
Pounding with a merry din.

Chorus:

Pound! Pound! Pound!
How the skilful hammers sound!
Ring! Ring! Ring!
Hear the song of work they sing!

2. Rooms are made from empty space,
Doors and windows put in place;
Plumbers plan for light and heat,
Painters make the house complete;
Father, mother, children come—
Then the house becomes a home.

Chorus:

The Building of the House

1. When the cel - lar has been made, And foun - da - tions have been laid;
2. Rooms are made from emp - ty space, Doors and windows put in place;

When a - gainst the cit - y sky, Stands the frame-work straight and high;
Plumbers plan for light and heat, Paint - ers make the house complete;

Then the car - pen - ters be - gin Pound - ing with a mer - ry din.
Fa - ther, moth-er, child-ren come— Then the house be - comes a home.

CHORUS

Pound! Pound! Pound! Pound! Pound! How the skil - ful ham - mers sound!

Ring! Ring! Ring! Ring! Ring! Hear the song of work they sing!

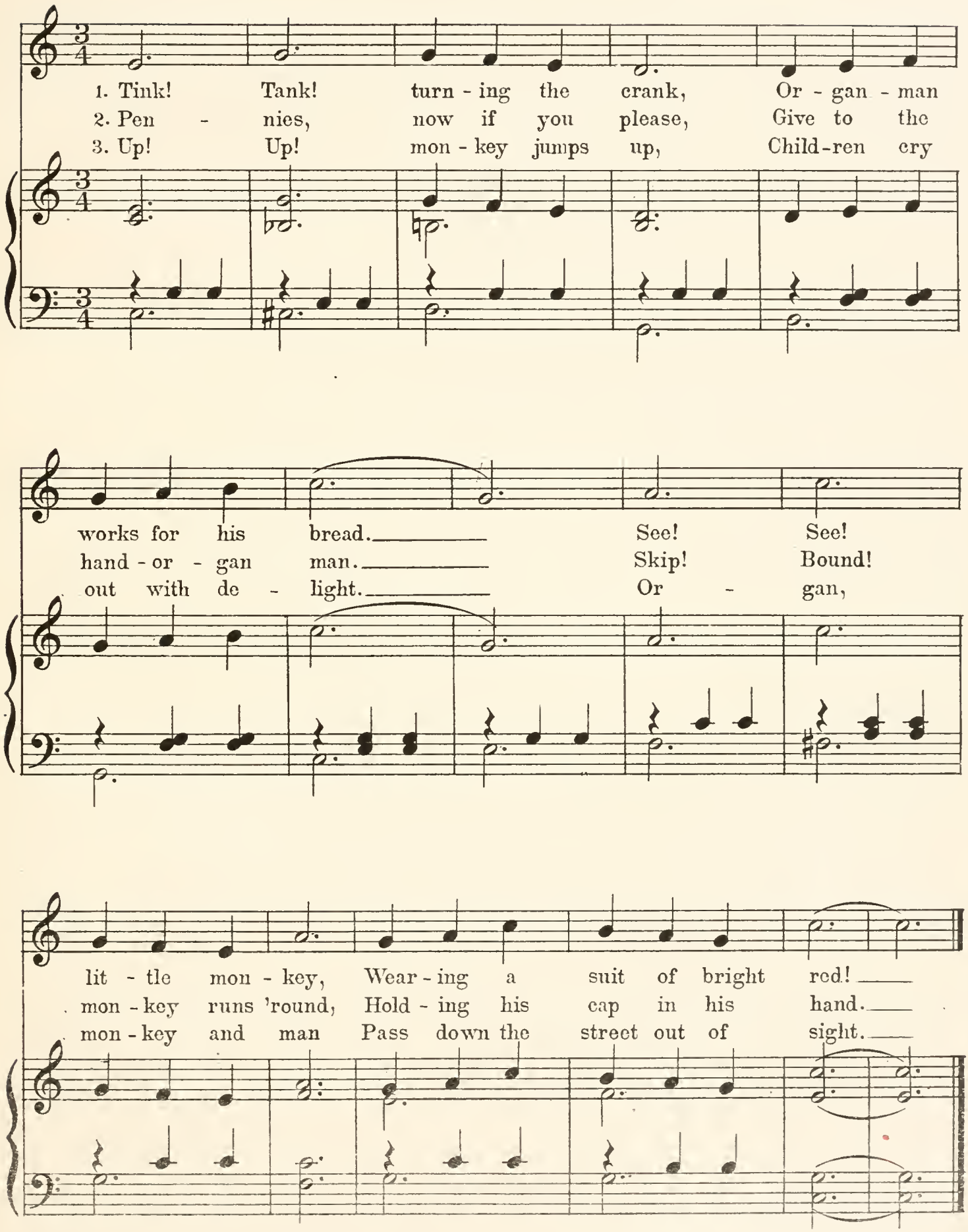
The Organ-man and the Monkey

1. Tink! Tank! turning the crank,
Organ-man works for his bread.
See! See! little monkey,
Wearing a suit of bright red!

2. Pennies, now if you please,
Give to the hand-organ man.
Skip! Bound! monkey runs 'round,
Holding his cap in his hand.

3. Up! Up! monkey jumps up,
Children cry out with delight.
Organ, monkey and man
Pass down the street out of sight.

The Organ-man and the Monkey



The Postman

1. Whistle! Whistle! Here's the postman!
Rain or shine, in cold or heat,
He comes 'round with bag of letters
For the folks along the street.

Chorus:

Whistle! Whistle! Here's the postman
In his uniform of gray.
Thank you, thank you, Mister Postman,
For the mail you bring today!

2. He brings mail from near-by places;
He brings mail from over-sea.
Children half way 'round the world, may
Send a line to you or me.

Chorus:

3. Valentines the postman brings us;
Once a year a birthday card;
Christmas packages are many—
Then the postman's work is hard.

Chorus:

The Postman

Brightly

1. Whis-tle! Whis-tle! Here's the post-man! Rain or shine, in cold or heat,
2. He brings mail from near - by plac-es; He brings mail from o - ver - sea.
3. Val - en - tines the post - man brings us; Once a year a birth-day card;

He comes 'round with bag of let - ters For the folks a - long the street.
Child-ren half way 'round the world, may Send a line to you or me.
Christmas pack - ag - es are man - y— Then the post-man's work is hard.

CHORUS

Whis-tle! Whis-tle! Here's the post-man! In his u - ni - form of gray.

Thank you, thank you, Mis - ter Post-man, For the mail you bring to - day.

The Grocery Store

The grocer sings:

1. "I'm the grocer, I wear
Coat and apron of white,
And I furnish you food
From my store clean and bright."

Chorus:

Oh, a wonderful place
Is the grocery store.
It is crowded with good things
'Way out to the door—
This wonderful grocery store.

The grocer sings:

2. "Mister Farmer, send quick
Fresh eggs, butter and cheese;
Some potatoes and corn,
Wheat and rye, if you please."

Chorus:

The grocer sings:

3. "Mister Sailor, pray bring
From far over the sea,
Figs, bananas and dates,
Coffee, spices and tea."

Chorus:

The Grocery Store

Moderately fast

The grocer sings

1. I'm the gro - cer; I wear Coat and a - pron of white, And I fur - nish you food From my
2. Mis - ter Farm - er, send quick Fresh eggs, but - ter and cheese; Some po - ta - toes and corn, Wheat and
3. Mis - ter Sail - or, pray bring From far o - ver the sea, Figs, ba - na - nas and dates, Cof - fee,

CHORUS *Brightly*

store clean and bright. Oh, a won - der - ful place Is the
rye, If you please.
spi - ces and tea.

gro - cery store, The gro - cery store, The gro - cery store It is

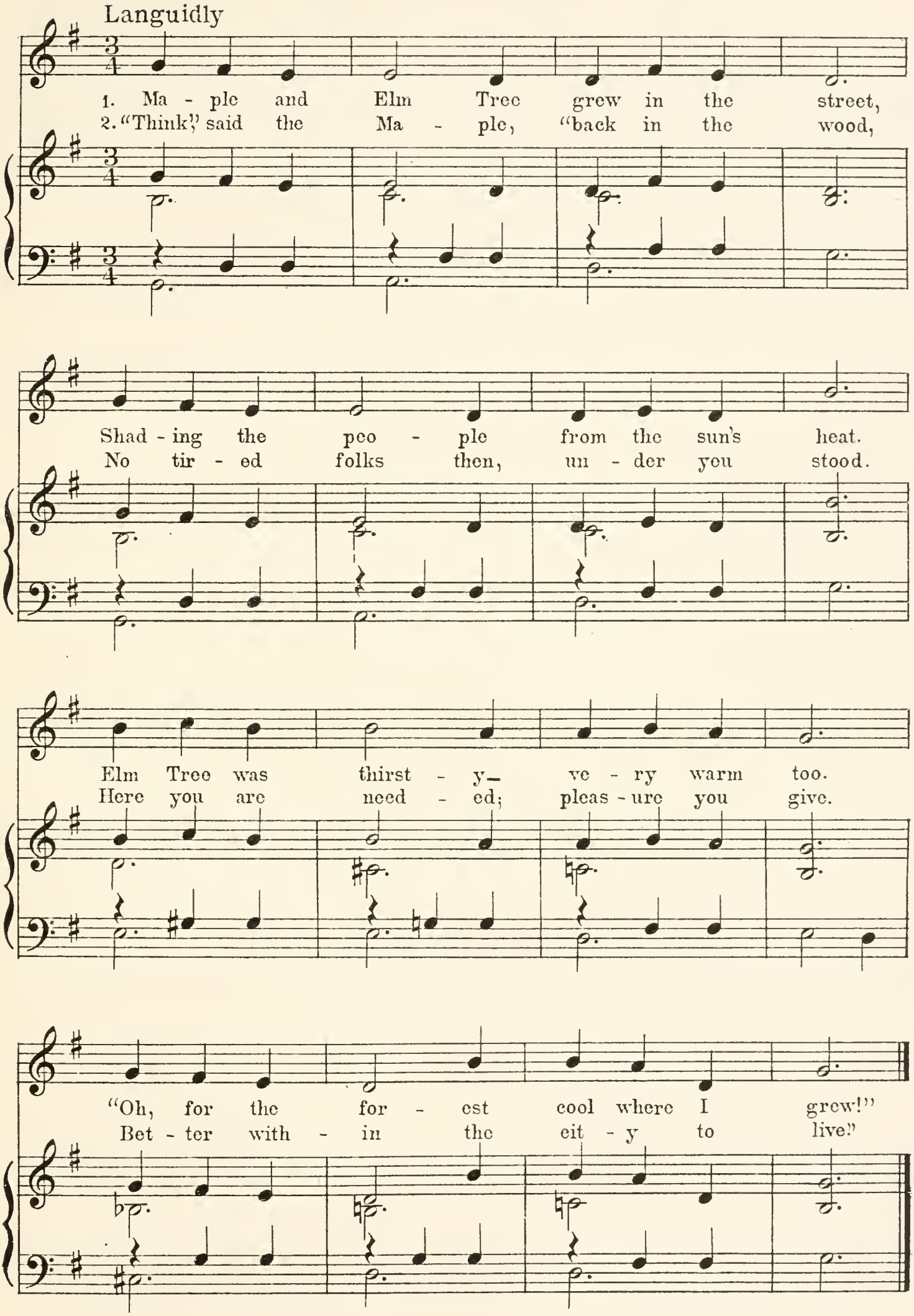
crowd - ed with good things Way out to the door— This won-derful gro-cery store.

Maple and Elm Tree

1. Maple and Elm Tree grew in the street,
Shading the people from the sun's heat.
Elm Tree was thirsty-very warm too.
"Oh, for the forest cool where I grew!"

2. "Think," said the Maple "back in the wood,
No tired folks then, under you stood.
Here you are needed; pleasure you give.
Better within the city to live."

Maple and Elm Tree



'Round the Year With the Tree

1. A spring-time gladness filled the city tree,
And though at morn 'twas bare,
When evening came, the tender little leaves
Were fluttering green and fair.

2. In summer sun, the tree cast shadows cool
Upon the dusty street;
In summer shower, beneath the leafy roof
The sparrows found retreat.

3. The frosty autumn wind played with the leaves,
Now turned to red and gold.
One day they sighed: "Good bye, dear Mother Tree!"
And gently loosed their hold.

4. Upon the branches bare the winter snow
A fleecy mantle threw.
So warm it felt, the tree dreamed of the spring—
And lo! the dream came true!

'Round the Year With the Tree

Rather slowly

1. A spring-time glad - ness filled the cit - y tree, And
2. In sum - mer sun, the tree cast shad - ows cool Up -
3. The frost - y au - tumn wind play'd with the leaves, Now
4. Up - on the branch-es bare the win - ter snow A

though at morn 'twas bare, When eve - ning came, the
on the dust - y street; In sum - mer shower, be -
turned to red and gold. One day they sighed: "Good -
flee - cy man - tle threw. So warm it felt, the

ten - der lit - tle leaves Were flut - t'ring green and fair.
neath the leaf - y roof The spar - rows found re - treat.
bye, dear Moth - er Tree!" And gen - tly loosed their hold.
tree dream'd of the spring— And lo! the dream came true!

Neighborly Birds

1. Neighborly birds of the city street,
Chirping and perching near by,
When on the wing, no green fields *you* see—
Close to the house tops *you* fly:
Sparrows and grackles, and starlings brown
Living in belfries on high.

2. Dear happy robins, now you return,
Flying on swift, tireless wing.
In the green park cozy nests you build—
Gaily you work and you sing;
Heeding not noise of the city life—
Neighborly robins of spring!

Neighborly Birds

Glissando ad lib

1. Neigh-bor-ly birds of the cit-y street, Chirp-ing and perch-ing near
2. Dear hap-py rob-ins, now you re-turn, Fly-ing on swift, tire-less

by, wing. When on the wing, no green fields you see—
In the green park co-zy nests you build—

Close to the house-tops you fly: Spar-rows and grac-kles, and
Gai-ly you work and you sing; Heed-ing not noise of the

star-lings brown Liv-ing in bel-fries on high.
cit-y life— Neigh-bor-ly rob-ins of spring.

Glissando ad lib

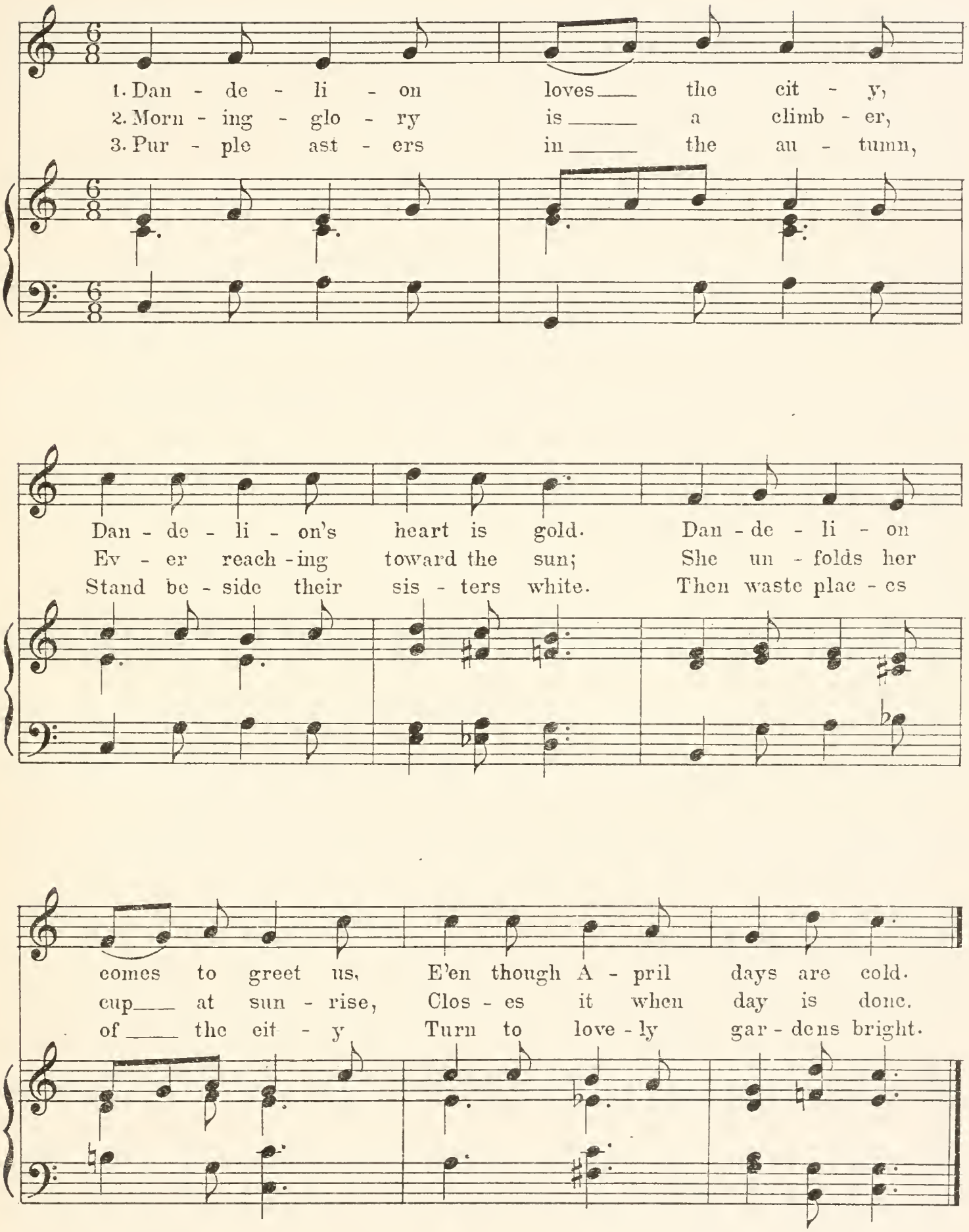
Dandelion Loves the City

1. Dandelion loves the city,
   Dandelion's heart is gold.
   Dandelion comes to great us,
   E'en though April days are cold.

2. Morning-glory is a climber,
   Ever reaching toward the sun;
   She unfolds her cup at sunrise,
   Closes it when day is done.

3. Purple asters in the autumn,
   Stand beside their sisters white
   Then waste places of the city
   Turn to lovely gardens bright.

Dandelion Loves the City

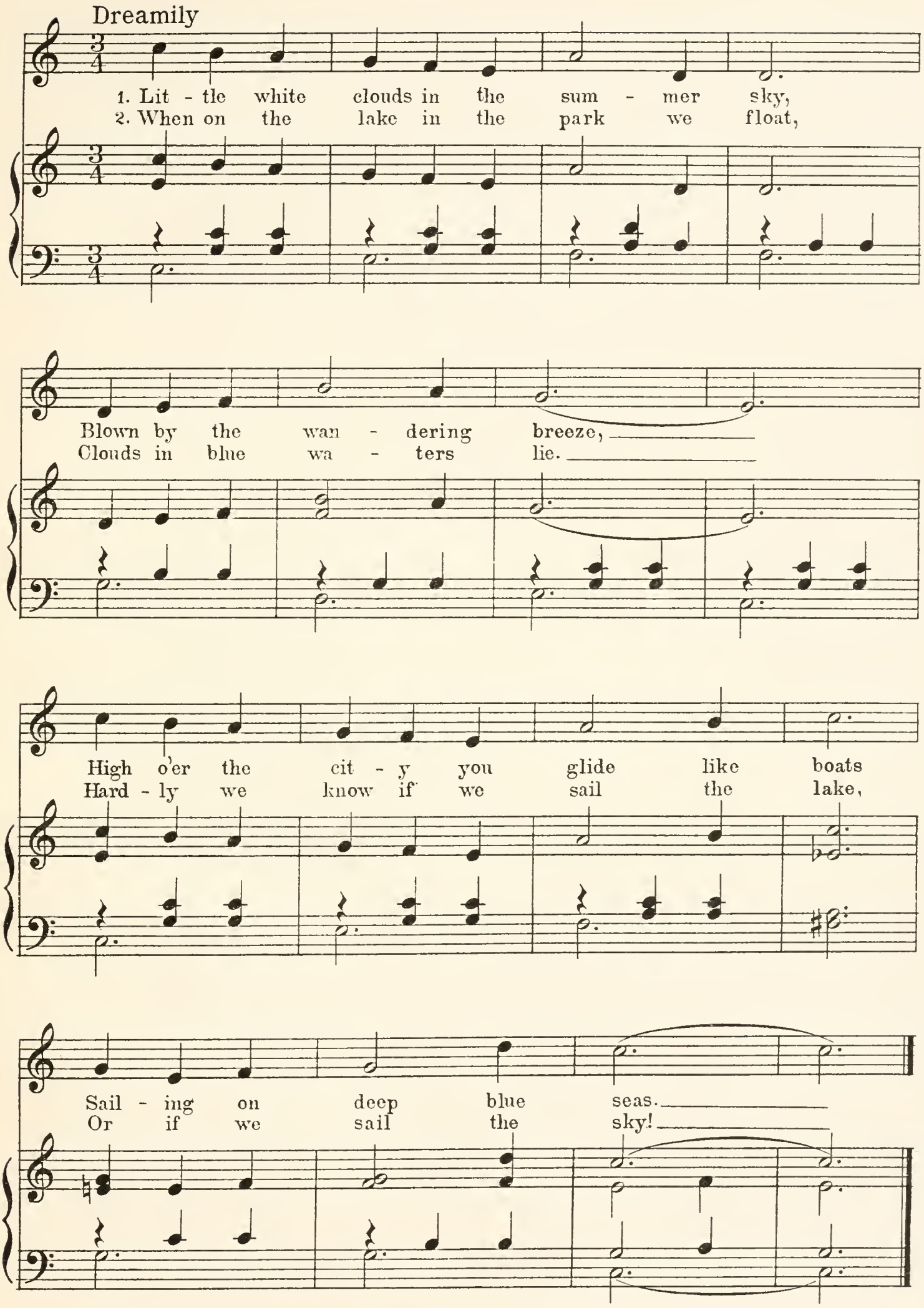


Cloud Boats

1. Little white clouds in the summer sky,
Blown by the wandering breeze,
High o'er the city you glide like boats
Sailing on deep blue seas.

2. When on the lake in the park we float,
Clouds in blue waters lie.
Hardly we know if we sail the lake,
Or if we sail the sky!

Cloud Boats


Dreamily
1. Lit - tle white clouds in the sum - mer sky,
2. When on the lake in the park we float,
Blown by the wan - dering breeze,
Clouds in blue wa - ters lie.
High o'er the cit - y you glide like boats
Hard - ly we know if we sail the lake,
Sail - ing on deep blue seas.
Or if we sail the sky!

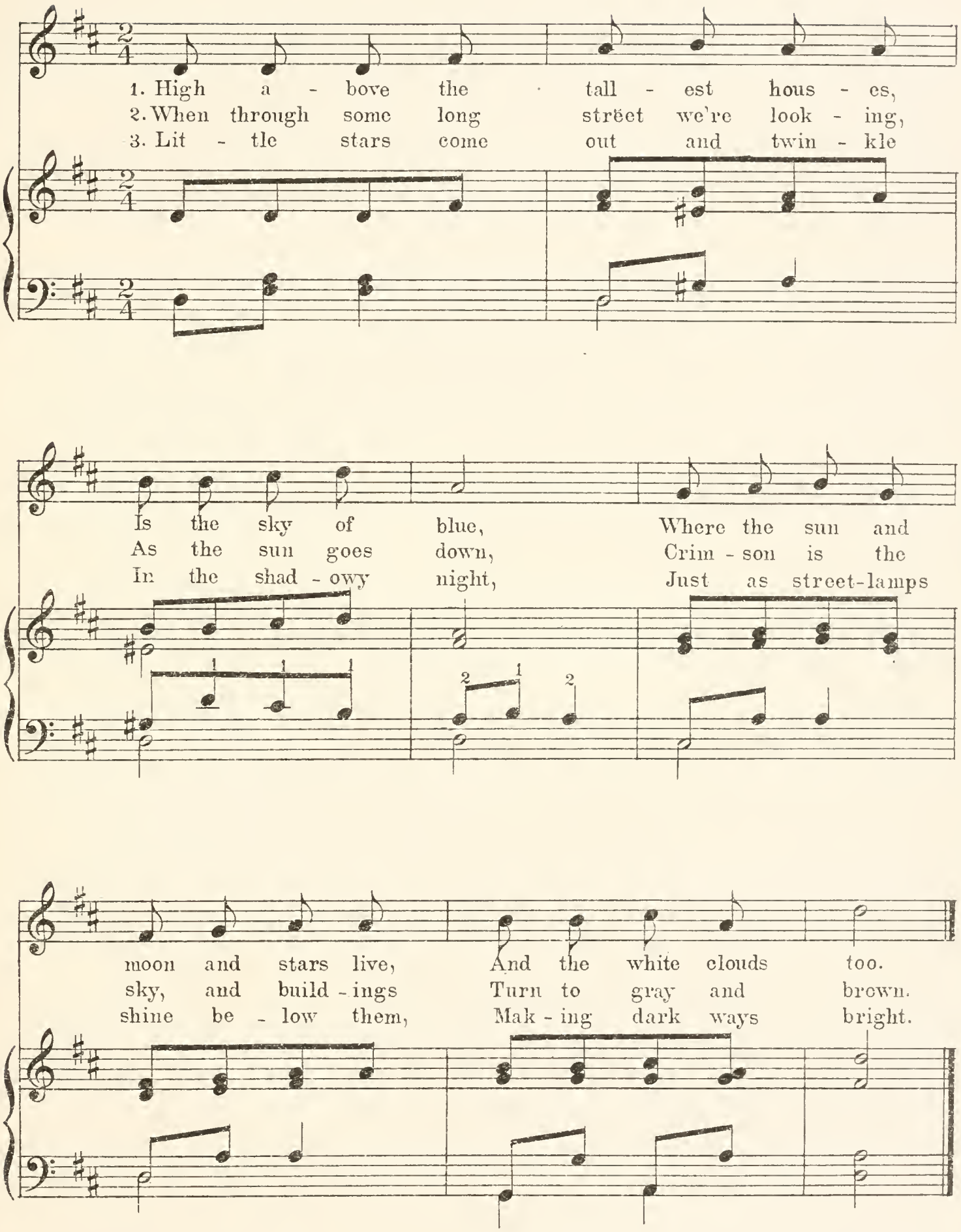
The City Sky

1. High above the tallest houses,
   Is the sky of blue,
   Where the sun and moon and stars live,
   And the white clouds too.

2. When through some long street we're looking,
   As the sun goes down,
   Crimson is the sky, and buildings
   Turn to gray and brown.

3. Little stars come out and twinkle
   In the shadowy night,
   Just as street-lamps shine below them,
   Making dark ways bright.

The City Sky

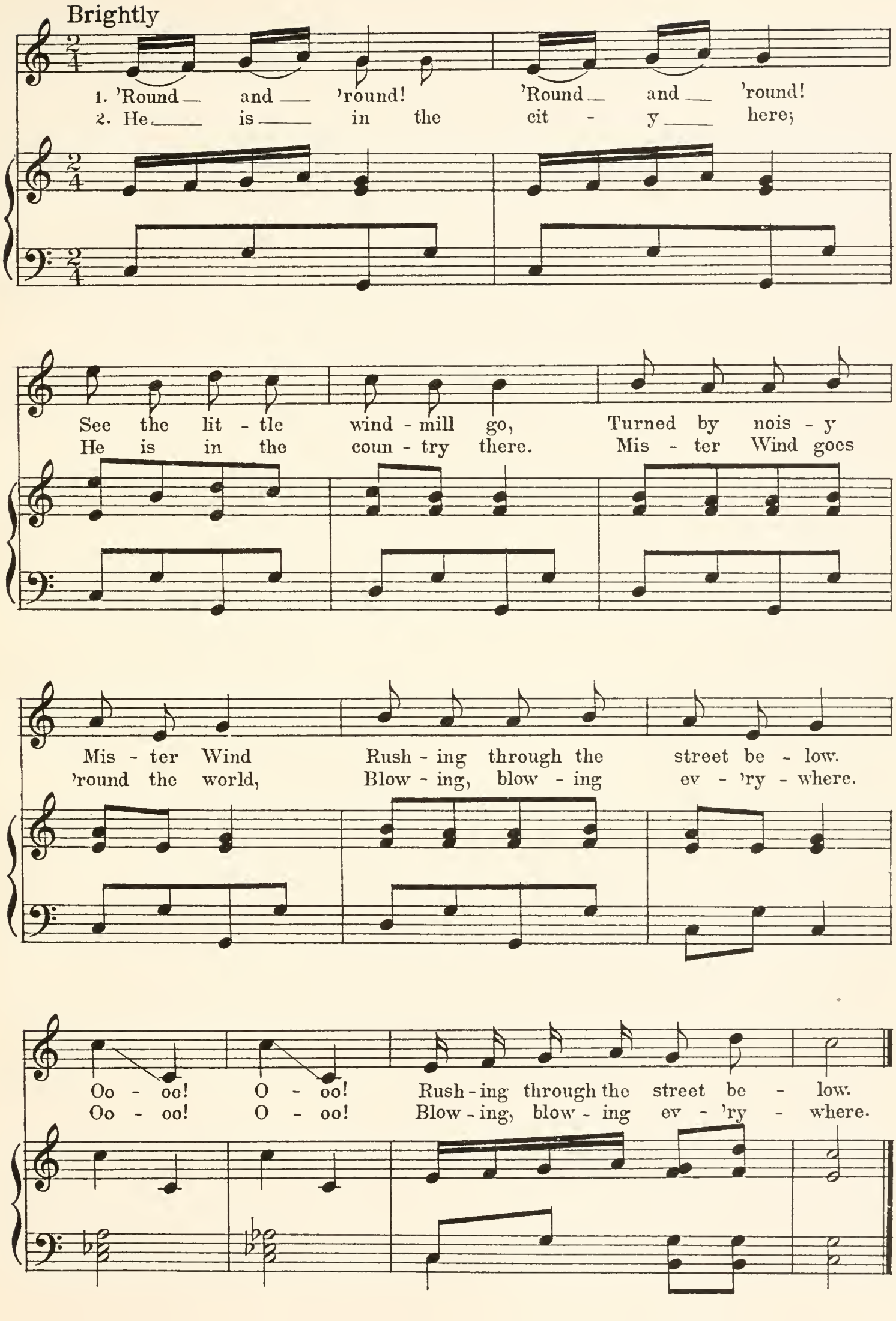

1. High a - bove the tall - est hous - es,
2. When through some long street we're look - ing,
3. Lit - tle stars come out and twin - kle
Is the sky of blue, Where the sun and
As the sun goes down, Crim - son is the
In the shad - owy night, Just as street-lamps
moon and stars live, And the white clouds too.
sky, and build - ings Turn to gray and brown.
shine be - low them, Mak - ing dark ways bright.

Mister Wind

1. 'Round and 'round! 'Round and 'round!
   See the little wind-mill go,
   Turned by noisy Mister Wind
   Rushing through the street below.

2. He is in the city here;
   He is in the country there.
   Mister Wind goes 'round the world,
   Blowing, blowing everywhere.

Mister Wind

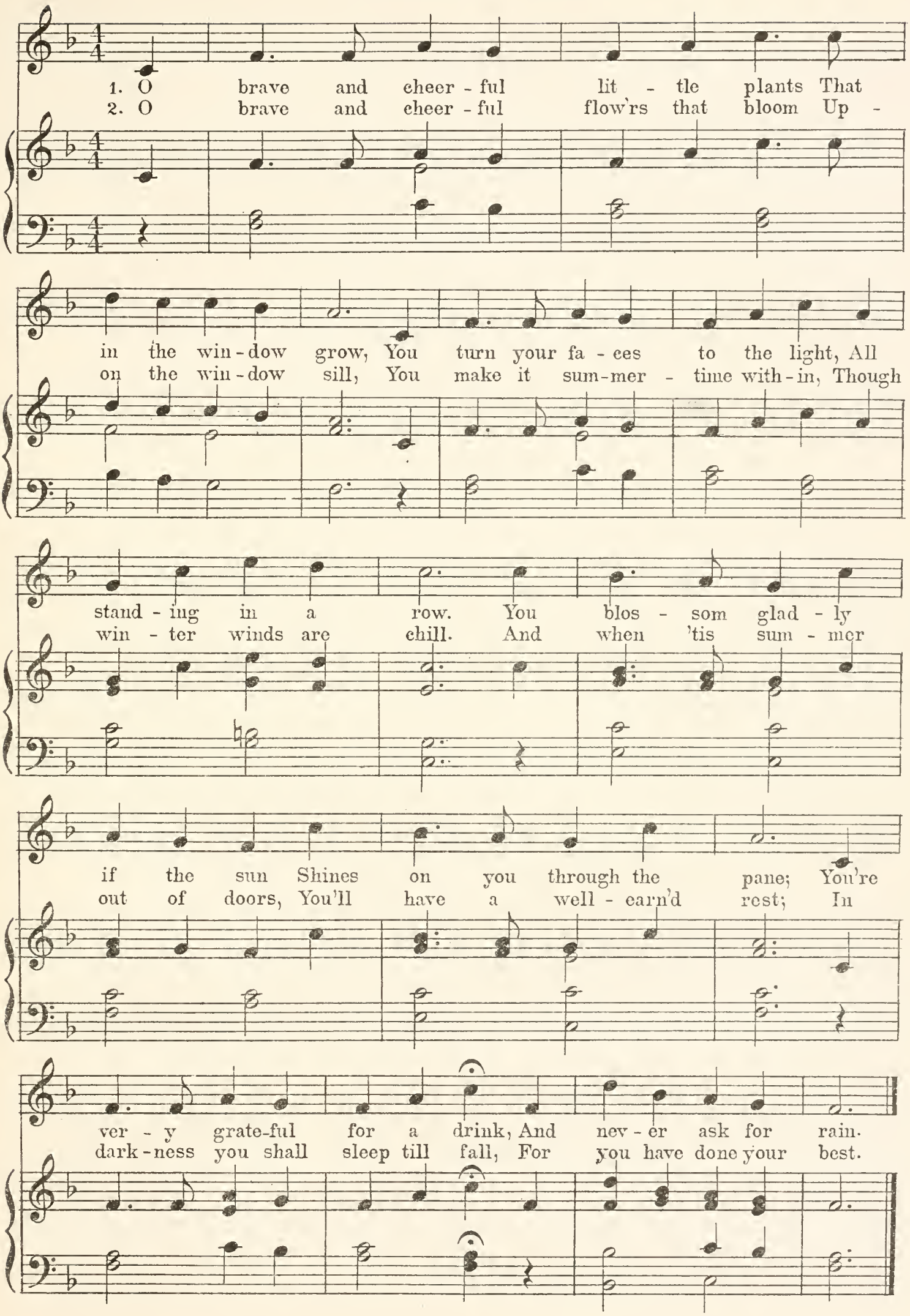

Brightly
1. 'Round and 'round! 'Round and 'round!
2. He is in the cit - y here;
See the lit - tle wind - mill go, Turned by nois - y
He is in the coun - try there. Mis - ter Wind goes
Mis - ter Wind Rush - ing through the street be - low.
'round the world, Blow - ing, blow - ing ev - 'ry - where.
Oo - oo! O - oo! Rush - ing through the street be - low.
Oo - oo! O - oo! Blow - ing, blow - ing ev - 'ry - where.

The Window-box

1. O brave and cheerful little plants
That in the window grow,
You turn your faces to the light,
All standing in a row.
You blossom gladly if the sun
Shines on you through the pane;
You're very grateful for a drink.
And never ask for rain.

2. O brave and cheerful flowers that bloom
Upon the window sill,
You make it summer-time within,
Though winter winds are chill.
And when 'tis summer out of doors,
You'll have a well-earned rest;
In darkness you shall sleep till fall,
For you have done your best.

The Window box



The Playground by the Sea *

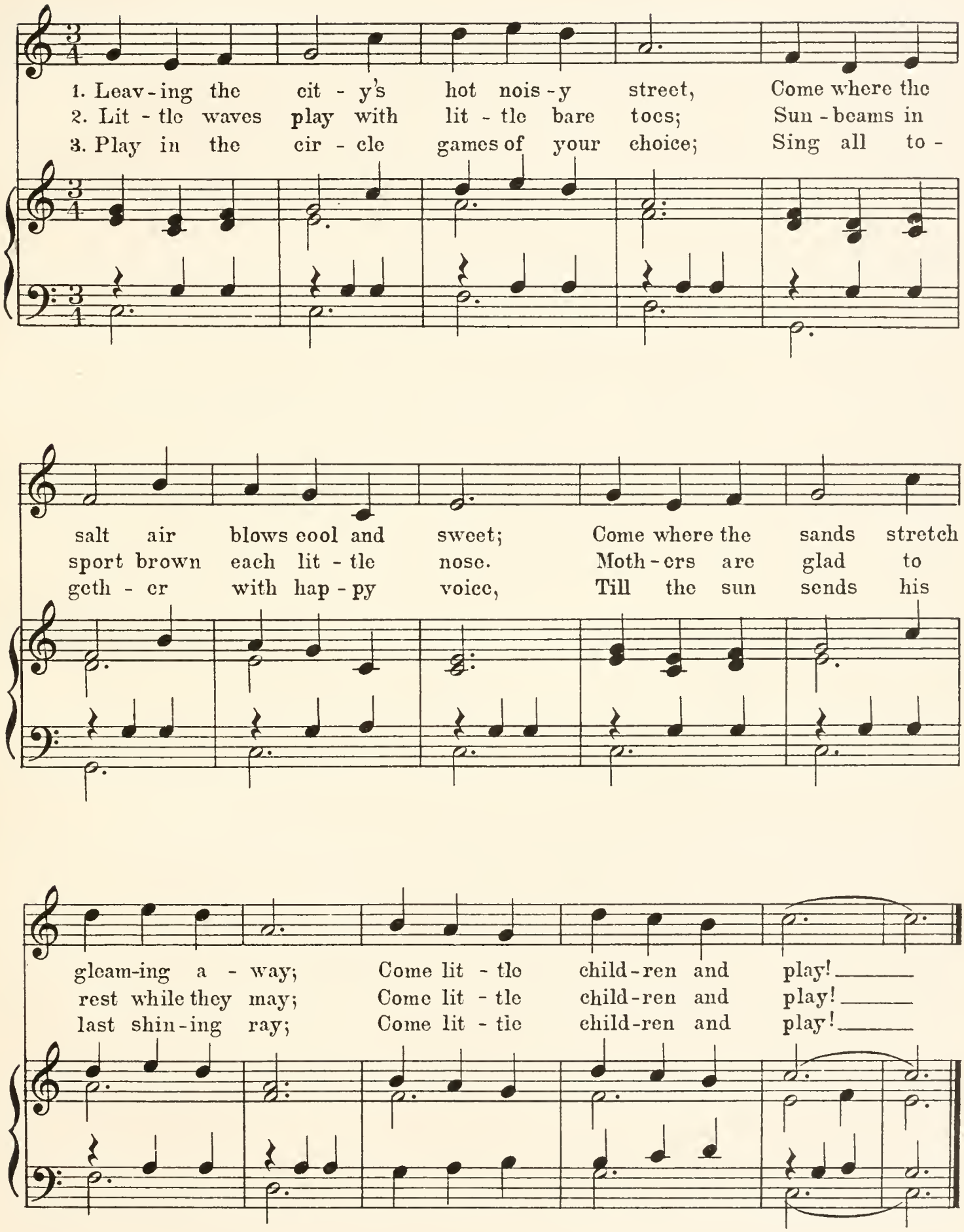
1. Leaving the city's hot noisy street,
   Come where the salt air blows cool and sweet;
   Come where the sands stretch gleaming away;
   Come little children and play!

2. Little waves play with little bare toes;
   Sunbeams in sport brown each little nose.
   Mothers are glad to rest while they may;
   Come little children and play!

3. Play in the circle games of your choice;
   Sing all together with happy voice,
   Till the sun sends his last shining ray;
   Come little children and play!

* Inspired by The Mothers' and Children's Camp at Coney Island, New York

The Playground by the Sea



The Little Mother

1. Mother is busy and needs all our help.
Come, baby dear, with me
Out in your carriage and take a nice ride;
Wonderful things you'll see!

Chorus:

Now we go riding along the street,
To and fro, to and fro.
Sister will guard you from any harm,
As we go to and fro.

2. See all the children around you at play;
Give them a little smile.
Ah, you are nodding, nid-nodding with sleep;
Then you shall rest awhile.

Chorus:

Rest in your carriage beside our door.
Rock-a-bye! Rock-a-bye!
Sleep well for sister is watching near.
Rock-a-bye! Rock-a-bye!

The Little Mother

Slow swinging rhythm

1. Moth-er is bus-y and needs all our help. Come, ba-by dear, with me
2. See all the child-ren a - round you at play; Give them a lit - tle smile.

Out in your car-riage and take a nice ride; Won-der-ful things you'll see!
Ah, you are nod-ding, nid - nod-ding with sleep; Then you shall rest a - while.

REFRAIN

Now we go rid - ing a - long the street, To and fro, to and fro.
Rest in your car - riage be - side our door. Rock-a - bye! Rock-a - bye!

Sis - ter will guard you from an - y harm, As we go to and fro.
Sleep well for sis - ter is watching near. Rock-a - bye! Rock-a - bye!

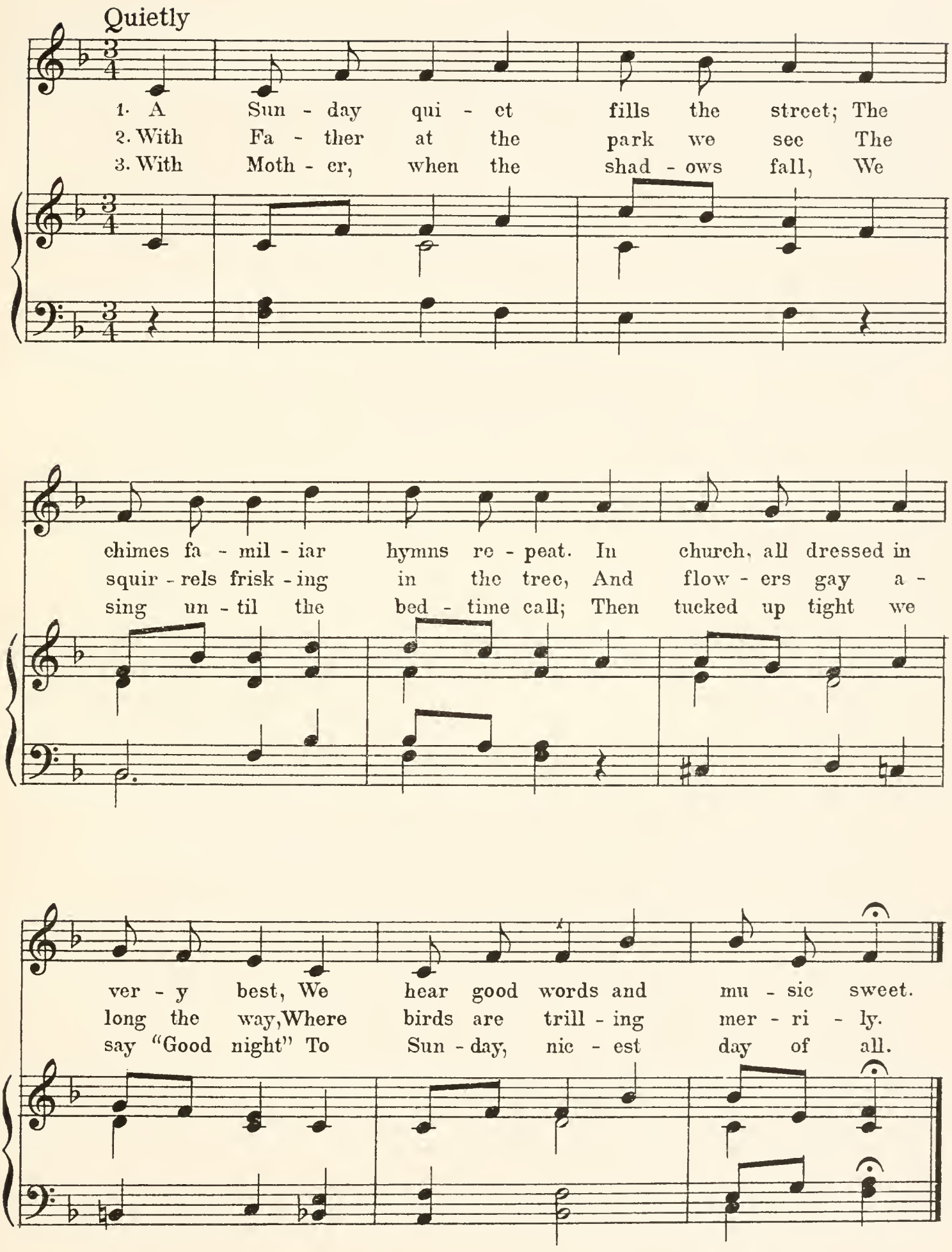
A City Sunday

1. A Sunday quiet fills the street;
The chimes familiar hymns repeat.
In church, all dressed in very best,
We hear good words and music sweet.

2. With Father at the park we see
The squirrels frisking in the tree,
And flowers gay along the way,
Where birds are trilling merrily.

3. With Mother, when the shadows fall,
We sing until the bed-time call;
Then tucked up tight we say "Good night"
To Sunday, nicest day of all.

A City Sunday



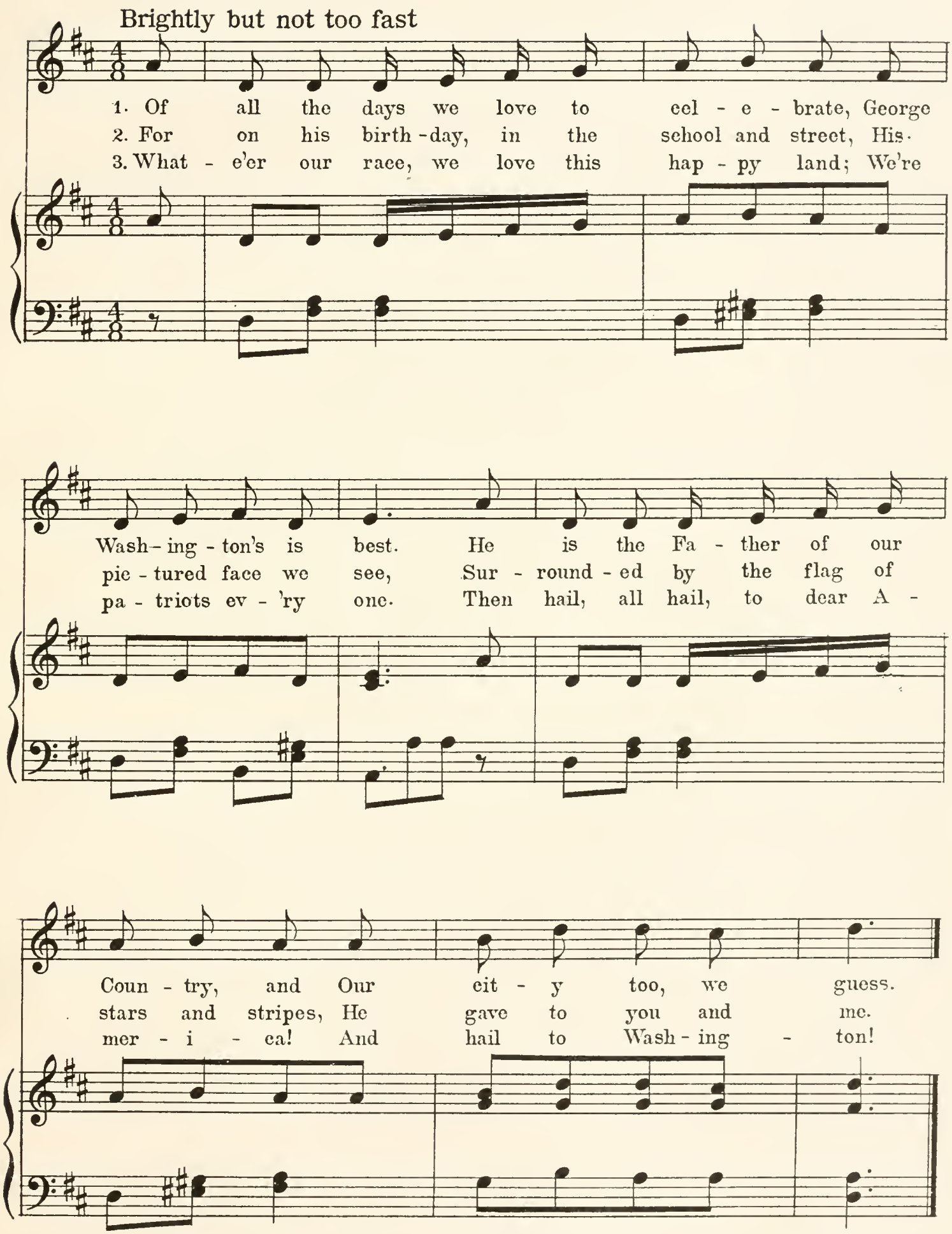
Washington's Birthday

1. Of all the days we love to celebrate,
George Washington's is best.
He is the Father of our Country, and
Our city too, we guess.

2. For on his birthday, in the school and street,
His pictured face we see,
Surrounded by the flag of stars and stripes,
He gave to you and me.

3. Whate'er our race, we love this happy land;
We're patriots every one.
Then hail, all hail, to dear America!
And hail to Washington!

Washington's Birthday



Give Thanks

1. Now the cranberry is glowing,
Yellow is the pumpkin showing,
Leaves are falling brown and sear.
Best of months is gray November,
All our blessings we remember,
For Thanksgiving time is here.

2. If we've taken good for granted,
Having everything we wanted,
During all the passing year,
May we gratefully now render
Thanks for all to God the sender,
For Thanksgiving time is here.

Permission of "The Beacon," Beacon Press, Boston

Give Thanks

Cheerfully

1. Now the cran-ber-ry is glow-ing, Yel-low is the pump-kin show-ing, Leaves are fall-ing brown and sear.
2. If we've tak-en good for grant-ed, Hav-ing ev-'ry-thing we want-ed, Dur-ing all the pass-ing year,

Best of months is gray No-vem-ber, All our bless-ings we re-mem-ber, For Thanks-giv-ing time is here.
May we grate-ful-ly now ren-der Thanks for all to God the sen-der, For Thanks-giv-ing time is here.

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Spring

1. Spring has come! Spring has come!
Feel the soft warm air.
Skies are blue and sunshine gold,
Buds upon the trees unfold,
Life is everywhere.

Chorus:

Welcome Spring! Welcome Spring!
Happy children dance and sing.

2. Spring has come! Spring has come!
Through the brown earth peep
Crocuses and snowdrops too,
Hyacinths, pink, white and blue,
Waking up from sleep.

Chorus:

3. Spring has come! Spring has come!
Now the birds are here,
Building homes in sheltering trees,
Singing as they fashion these,
Notes of love and cheer.

Chorus:

Spring

Mazurka time

1. Spring has come! Spring has come! Feel the soft, warm air.
2. Spring has come! Spring has come! Through the brown earth peep
3. Spring has come! Spring has come! Now the birds are here

Skies are blue and sun-shine gold, Buds up-on the trees un-fold,
Cro-cus-es and snow-drops too. Hy-a-cinths, pink, white and blue,
Build-ing homes in shelt-'ring trees, Sing-ing as they fash-ion these,

CHORUS

Life is ev-'ry-where.
Wak-ing up from sleep. Wel-come spring! Wel-come spring! Hap-py child-ren
Notes of love and cheer.

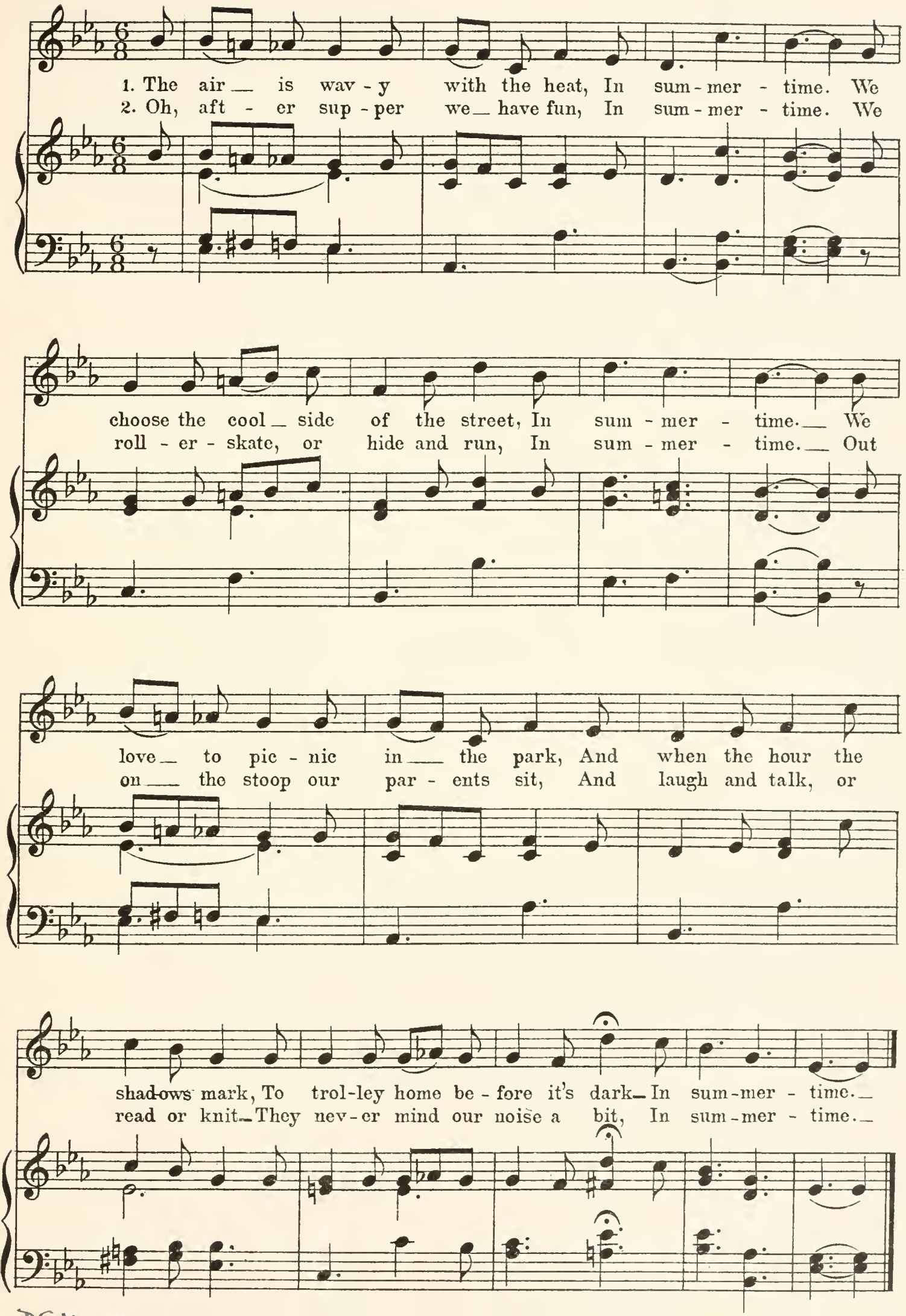
dance and sing. Wel-come spring! Wel-come spring! Hap-py child-ren dance and sing.

Summer

1. The air is wavy with the heat,
In summer-time.
We choose the cool side of the street,
In summer-time.
We love to picnic in the park,
And when the hour the shadows mark,
To trolley home before it's dark—
In summer-time.

2. Oh, after supper we have fun,
In summer-time.
We roller-skate, or hide and run,
In summer-time.
Out on the stoop our parents sit,
And laugh and talk, or read or knit—
They never mind our noise a bit,
In summer-time.

Summer


1. The air is wav - y with the heat, In sum - mer - time. We
2. Oh, aft - er sup - per we have fun, In sum - mer - time. We
choose the cool side of the street, In sum - mer - time. We
roll - er - skate, or hide and run, In sum - mer - time. Out
love to pic - nic in the park, And when the hour the
on the stoop our par - ents sit, And laugh and talk, or
shadows mark, To trol-ley home be - fore it's dark In sum-mer - time.
read or knit They nev-er mind our noise a bit, In sum-mer - time.

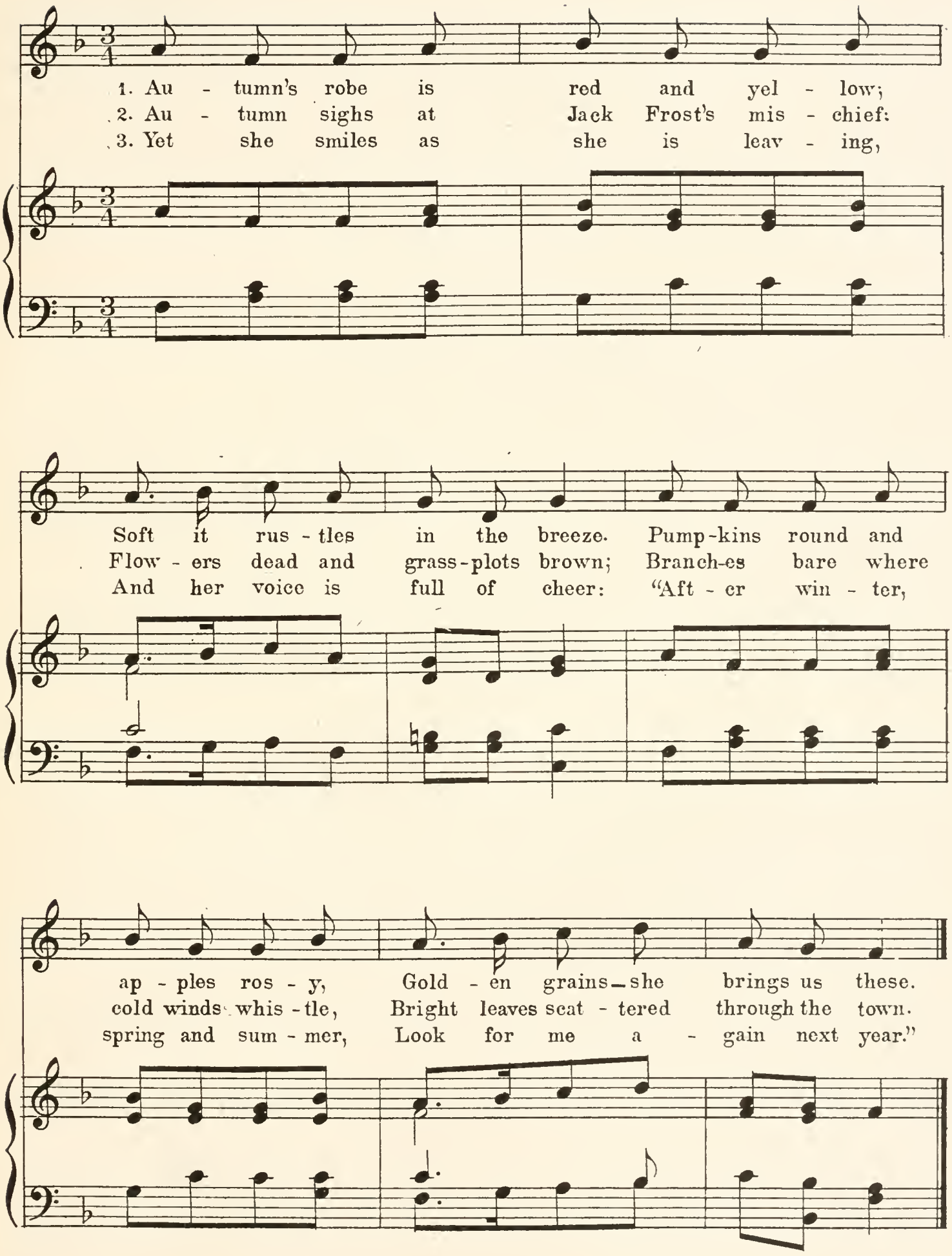
Autumn

1. Autumn's robe is red and yellow;
Soft it rustles in the breeze.
Pumpkins round and apples rosy,
Golden grains—she brings us these.

2. Autumn sighs at Jack Frost's mischief:
Flowers dead and grass-plots brown;
Branches bare where cold winds whistle,
Bright leaves scattered through the town.

3. Yet she smiles as she is leaving,
And her voice is full of cheer:
"After winter, spring and summer,
Look for me again next year."

Autumn


1. Au - tumn's robe is red and yel - low;
2. Au - tumn sighs at Jack Frost's mis - chief:
3. Yet she smiles as she is leav - ing,
Soft it rus - tles in the breeze. Pump-kins round and
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ap - ples ros - y, Gold - en grains—she brings us these.
cold winds whis - tle, Bright leaves scat - tered through the town.
spring and sum - mer, Look for me a - gain next year."

Winter

1. Come to the park and coast today!
Our sleds are new and strong and gay.
Now down, down, down the hill we go,
Like arrows o'er the glistening snow.

Chorus:

Hurrah! Hurrah! For winter's here!
The time of fun and Christmas cheer!
When Jack Frost nips the children's toes,
And paints on every cheek a rose.

2. Come to the park and skate today!
Put on the skates and then away!
We glide, glide, glide the ice along,
With laugh and shout and merry song.

Chorus:

Winter

Brightly, with well marked accents

1. Come to the park and coast to - day! Our sleds are new and strong and gay. Now down, down, down the hill we go, Like ar - rows o'er the glist-'ning snow.

2. Come to the park and skate to - day! Put on the skates and then a - way! We glide, glide, glide the ice a - long, With laugh and shout and mer - ry song.

CHORUS

Hur - rah! Hur - rah! For win - ter's here! The time of fun and Christ - mas cheer! When Jack Frost nips the child-ren's toes, And paints on ev-'ry cheek a rose.